NOTICE.

The circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner

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Lieutenant-Governor—C. A. Watres.
Secretary of the Commonwealth—Harry K. Keyser.
Auditor General—Thomas McCamant.
Supt. of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

JUDICIARY AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Thomas B. Packer, Wellsboro.
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Sheriff—Walter Smith, Smethport.
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County Treasurer—E. M. Keller, Smethport.
Commissioners—James Hopper, Oscar Frank D. Stuart, Dustin Potter; J. H. Tate, Clermont.
County Clerk—M. J. Gallagher, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—G. M. Smith, M. S. Sheldon.
Auditors—A. M. Reed, Bradford; J. G. Liddell, Smethport; A. B. Reed, Bradford.
County Surveyor—W. F. Richards, Smethport.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. F. Stoddard, Bradford.
Coroner—Dr. D. Hamlin, Smethport.
County Medical Supt.—W. F. Richards, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—W. F. Spoehl.
Council—John Fretchl, C. H. Curtis, M. D. Ransom, William Haskell, Karl Stenzl, F. D. Hopkins.
Justices—C. M. Smith, F. Fretchl.
Constables—H. L. Huntington.
School Directors—H. C. Ellis, D. G. Kinney, T. J. Merriman, M. E. Mayo, M. J. Gilfoil, W. C. Lustrup.
Auditors—Charles Lumsbeck.
Assessor—John Hungerford.
Judge of Election—D. C. Young A. D. Eastland.
Inspectors—Wm. D. Lathrop, J. McLarty, J. C. Griffith.
Judge of Election—Frank A. Baker.
Inspectors of Election—W. W. Buettgenbach, D. F. Keefe.

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, First Monday in June and October and Second Monday in December.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 301, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday evening of each month, at the Odd Fellows' hall, at Masonic Hall, Main street. W. F. SPOEHL, W. M.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 246, meets Friday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall. All work (initiatory degree) at meeting of each month, and degree on fourth meetings. CHAS. LUMSBECK, N. G.
W. H. WYCKOFF, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 115, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. OLIN, Chief Patriarch.
J. H. TAFT, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 167, meets every Thursday, at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall Soldiers Block.
T. A. MORRISON, Com.
H. M. CHASE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Wednesday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Soldiers Block.
Mrs. DELOS A. SOMERBY, Pres.
Mrs. HARRIET GRAY-BOND, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA.—Ker Mount Encampment, No. 17, meets every Thursday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. R. KEASE, Lieutenant.
F. A. THOMAS, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 122, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Soldiers Block.
C. C. ADAMS, M. W.
HERMAN GORTON, Recorder.

K. & L. of H.—Smethport Union, No. 98, meets on second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
C. A. MORAN, President.
MRS. S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Buell & Sloan's block.
DR. HUGO CHADWICK, Com.
CLARENCE MASON, K. R. S.

U. H. F.—Smethport Branch 63, meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month in W. C. T. U. hall, Soldiers Block.
JESSIE M. QUINCEY, Pres't.
K. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every afternoon Wednesday at 3 o'clock in W. C. T. U. hall, Buell & Sloan's Block.
MRS. D. L. FITZPATRICK, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. ROCKWOOD, Sec'y.

Churches.

Methodist—T. W. CHANDLER, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Class Meeting at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. Pastor's meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Epworth League meetings on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. W. D. Lukens, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Church meetings on Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m. and conference.

Episcopal—Rev. Hamlin McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., except on first Sunday of month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. HAMLIN MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 3 p. m.

St. Eleutherius Church—Rev. J. Gates, rector. Mass at 11 a. m. Services at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. and Christmas.

Lutheran Services at Klingle's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. T. Chandler and W. D. Lukens preaching alternate Sabbaths each school immediately after the sermon.

Congregational—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m. and every Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Prayer Meeting, Bible Meeting, and other evening preaching, Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Reformed Church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Morning every Sunday at 9:30 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. Gospel service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

S. F. STONE, W. A. STONE
Stone & Stoneman,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office: Pomeroy Block, Bradford, Pa.

J. W. Houlton,
ATTORNEY At Law and District Attorney of McKean County. Office in the Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Geo. A. Berry,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Rooms 6 and 14, Berry & Mayo Block, Bradford, Pa.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FOSTER.
Hamlin & Forrest,
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office in the old office of Hamlin & Forrest, formerly Keller & Olmsted in the rooms of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Cherbush.

Robert H. Hood,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR. Office over H. Ohmlin's Banking House, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Masonic Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. I. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Court House in Hamlin Block, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

F. Ford,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office: Miner Block, Church Street, Smethport, Pa.

E. McSWEENEY. E. H. SYLES.
McSweeney & Sykes,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Rooms Professional Building, Bradford, Pa.

ROGER SULLIV. T. F. SULLIV
Sullivan & Sullivan,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. 11 Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

M. M. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Masonic Block, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Collier,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ridgway, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

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H. L. McElroy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in E. D. McElroy's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. D. Freeman,
SURGEON, Obstetrician and Consulting physician and Expert. Office hours: 9:30 to 10:30 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

Dr. Hugo Chadwick,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls day or night. Office One door east of W. T. Dallas's drug store, Penfield.

Wm. Williams,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND COLLECTING AGENT for Marvin Specialties, McKean county, Pa. P. O. address, Keenanville, Pa.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a. B. F. Wright, Proprietor.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa. F. N. Taylor, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa. Daniel Bacon, Proprietor

This House is recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, and is now one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. The liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

When in Bradford, Stop at
THE WILLARD
Rates $1.25 and $1.50 per Day.
AMERICAN & EUROPEAN.
Bar stocked with the finest goods in McKean county.
Lunch counter and elegant dining room. Excursion parties served at all hours. Commercial trade solicited. Electric lights throughout the house.
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On the European Plan.
Newly refitted and refurnished. First-class Restaurant in connection with the House. Rates reasonable. Dec. 17, 1890.

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This house has recently been remodeled and refurnished throughout. First-class restaurant in connection with the house. 27-1-1y

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ALFRED STURDIVENT
Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber shop into his recently finished and convenient rooms over Marvin Frost's building next door to W. F. Richards' store, Main street, where he is prepared to do
SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING
in the latest style of the art. Razors put and clean work done promptly.
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WAGONS!
Don't make a purchase until you have examined my stock and prices. They are superior in material and workmanship, and prices very low.
I make a specialty of
HORSESHOEING,
and am prepared to do repairing of all kinds. Wagon and Blacksmith shop on Water street.
WM. MARKER.

I took Cold,
I took Sick.
I took
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; feeling fat, too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda not only cures by Intelligent Consumption but builds me up, and is now putting
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." (OUR TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW; SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WORK DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

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Meat and Vegetable Market
— IN —
SMETHPORT.
We are prepared to furnish the people of town and adjacent country with
FRESH MEAT,
HAM, SAUSAGES,
Salt Meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., &c.
— ALSO —
VEGETABLES
IN THEIR SEASON
A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF
FAMILY GROCERIES
AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.
A Full Line of
CANNED GOODS
Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts
G. W. WILLIAMS & SONS.
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BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS
Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR
COSTIVENESS
Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.
Price, 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
BURT, BURDSALL & LYON, Props., Burlington, Vt.
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H. L. McCOY and A. B. ARMSTRONG.
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM,
Manufacturer of
CIGARS
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CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO
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49 MAIN STREET,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next door to Citizen's Local Store. Jones Block

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 17, '90.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.:
Gentlemen:—I would like to state a case to you that came under my observation. I had a horse that was very lame in the left fore leg. I thought at first that it had been overworked, but after a while I noticed a small blood spavin. I then used your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used about two bottles and the lameness left entirely. I have used it for three years and have not been disappointed.
Yours truly, WM. A. CUTLER.
Cowanesque, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.
Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
Gentle: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse the owner very badly injured his leg by catching it in a wire fence. The limb swelled to a frightful size, and I thought he would be lame for life. I had used Kendall's Spavin Cure in my family for human complaints, and knowing its merits, concluded to try it on the horse. A friend told me of the success of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I purchased a bottle, and found very plainly it was helping the horse. I continued using it, and in a short time the horse was entirely free from his lameness and has been sound ever since. I have used it in my family for Rheumatism, and it is the best liniment I ever used. Respectfully yours, EMERY DEWITT.
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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THE OLD BROWN MARE.

By W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

I beheld him stretched flat upon his back.

What my parents can have been thinking about when they branded me at the baptismal font with the name of Diana I cannot imagine. How were they to foresee that hunting would ever become the one pure and unmixed pleasure of my life? Nothing, I suppose, could have seemed to them more improbable; but at the age of seven-and-twenty I had been my own mistress for a good many years, and had consulted my own inclinations without any morbid disquietude as to what my relations might think about me. I lived during the greater part of the year at my house, Newton Selby, with my worthy old duenna, Mrs. Bowerbank, and I had learned how to manage my estate, and I had, I believe, a conscience as void of offence as that of the majority of human beings.

If my family well off, I need scarcely say that I had at one time or another received offers of marriage from every eligible and ineligible bachelor in the county, as well as from a considerable number of London men whom I had met during my annual visits to the metropolis; and if, as Mrs. Robertson assured me was the case, I had acquired a character for eccentricity, I can only attribute this to the circumstance that I had been compelled to decline all these gentlemen without exception. What may perhaps be taken as some proof that I was not really wanting in common sense was that I had evinced by accepting my second cousin, Granville Maitland, but as he was up in London attending to his parliamentary duties, I did not bother my head very much about him during this last hunting season of my spinsterhood.

It was on a nice, mild, misty morning that I set off for the meet, riding the old brown mare. I had not hunted her at all that season, because, to tell the truth, she was rather too many guns for me when hounds were running, and, to make a further confession, my nerve was no longer what it had once been.

Old Colonel Wharton shook his head when he rode up to say good morning and recognized my mount. I knew very well what he was thinking; but I must say that he had no business to have such thoughts, for never in my life have I injured a hound. However, he was too polite to put his unflattering apprehensions into words, and as we moved along towards the cover side he introduced a young friend of his who, he said, was staying with him for a day or two, and whom he hoped to persuade that there was such a thing as hunting in our parts, though there might not be a great deal of uninterrupted galloping. I did not notice much about this young Mr. Longfield except that he had a handsome, boyish sort of face and a fair man's build, and that the animal he had put him up on the road. So like old Wharton to have given his friend the roan—a sly little horse, clever enough at banking, but with about as much speed as a costermonger's donkey.

Well, we found at once and had a nice little burst of about fifteen minutes, followed by a check. The mare overpowered me, as she always does, but carried me splendidly, and of course I was a little sorry to be caught up by the rest of the field. However, after a short delay, the hounds got upon the scent again, and away we all went, better shelter, down a narrow lane into which we had to jump. I could hardly tell how many people were ahead of me, and naturally I did not care, because I knew that if I only got half a chance I should soon dispose of the crowd. Only I was very anxious to get once more into the open, for those muddy, slippery lanes are apt to be awkward when your horse is practically running away with you. And presently we came to a sharp turn—the very thing that I had been dreading. They all got round it safely except that unfortunate Mr. Longfield, who, I suppose, must have taken the corner too close. At any rate, down the roan horse came, and I was on to him before I had time to realize anything more than that a catastrophe was at hand. It may have been my fault or it may have been the fault of the brown mare—which is another way of saying the same thing; what is certain is that we were both going, and that one of us had a moment of great uncertainty as to whether she was in this world or the next.

When my head had ceased whirling round, and I had risen to my feet and wiped some of the mud out of my eyes, my first thought, as I need scarcely say, was for the man whom I had probably killed, and I shall never forget the sickening sensation of terror with which I beheld him stretched flat upon his back, his arms extended helplessly, and the two horses, who had scrambled up standing over him. Four or five men had pulled up, and were ready with the usual senseless suggestions, to which I paid no heed. All I wanted to know was whether he was still alive—which, to my unutterable relief, I found that he was, though he showed no signs of consciousness. Most fortunately, we were not only within a couple of miles of Newton Selby, but were close to a public house, whither I immediately sent one of these officious individuals to secure a conveyance of some kind. Then I dispatched another with an urgent summons to the local doctor, while the rest of us took a gate off its hinges and placed the injured man upon it.

He recovered consciousness before we reached home, but had evidently a very confused idea of where he was and what had happened to him. I told him it was all right, only he mustn't talk. Of course I was by no means sure that it was all right; I could but hope for the best, and Mrs. Robertson, to do her justice, behaved admirably when our melancholy procession arrived at the door. It was no small relief to me to hear the report of rosy cheeked little Dr. Bowles, who was soon upon the spot, and who made a long and careful examination of his patient.

"He will pull through, Miss Selby," the excellent little man said confidently. "He has had a nasty squeeze and three or four of his ribs are broken, but so far as I can ascertain there are no internal injuries. Of course there are cuts and bruises and the shock to the system, but these are comparative trifles at his age. He will want careful nursing for a time, though. I'm afraid."

Well, if that was all, his requirements could easily be met. I myself knew very little about tending the sick, having had no experience in that line, but Mrs. Robertson was as good as any hospital nurse, and asked for nothing better than to be given an opportunity of displaying her capacities. This she did with such happy results that in three days' time Mr. Longfield was pronounced to be out of danger. There could be no question of removing him, Dr. Bowles said, and, indeed, I should not in any case have sanctioned his removal to Colonel Wharton's bachelor establishment, where he would have had no comforts nor any competent person to look after him. I scarcely saw him until he was able to leave his bedroom, Mrs. Robertson being decidedly of opinion that it would be improper for me to do so, and being also, I think, a little jealous of any possible interference between her and her charge. He was a dear, good young fellow, she told me, and most patient and cheerful, only he was much distressed at the idea of inflicting so much inconvenience upon strangers.

I sent him a message to the effect that I should have been at least equally distressed if I had inflicted the inconvenience of sudden death upon him, and as soon as he was well enough to be carried down stairs to the drawing room I made him the apology which I believed to be his due.

"Oh, but indeed, Miss Selby," he protested, "it is I who ought to beg your pardon. One has no business to fall down all of a heap just under another person's nose, and it's the greatest mercy in the world that you weren't more hurt."

Now, it was obvious that another person's nose had no business to be so near him when he fell, and that if she had had had it broken for her pains she would have deserved little pity; still I could not help being grateful to him for his magnanimity, nor could I have helped liking him, even if I had wished to do so.

He was very young in his ways, very simple and natural, and ready to tell me anything about himself that I might care to hear. I learnt that his home was in the adjoining county; that he was the only son of his mother, who was a widow; that he was a barrister by profession, though not by practice, and that he had vague hopes of some day obtaining a legal appointment from somebody or other. It would have, he admitted, to be an appointment which did not necessitate much knowledge of law, but he had been given to understand that most legal appointments answered to that description. Meanwhile he seemed very well contented to live down in the country and amuse himself with field sports. We became great friends, as was only natural, I suppose, seeing that our views and pursuits were so much alike, and after the lapse of a few days I discovered that we had yet another taste common to us—that for love of music.

My instructors have never attempted to deceive me with regard to my playing of the fiddle. They are unanimous in saying that I possess but an elementary knowledge of that art; yet they admit that my ear is keen enough to keep me in tune, and if I can't do anything wonderful with my beloved instrument, I can at least do the little that is within my compass respectably. I dare say that may have been why Mr. Longfield declared, with every appearance of sincerity, that he loved to hear me—he listened to me as a divine a performer. When he was able to sit up he took to playing my accompaniments for me; so that, upon the whole, we found a spell of cold weather less wearisome than frozen out fox hunters usually do.

One morning he announced to me, with some unnecessary apologies, that his mother was coming over to see him. He said that she intended to take up her quarters at the village inn; but that was of course absurd, and in response to the telegram aforesaid I dispatched to Mrs. Longfield I received a grateful acceptance of my proffered hospitality. Well, I can't honestly say that I liked the woman. She was one of those juvenile widows who always impress one with the idea that if they have not married a second time it has been no fault of theirs. She was profuse in her thanks to me for the care that I had taken of her son; she vouchsafed no notice to Mrs. Robertson; she kissed me a good deal more than I liked—does any woman, I wonder, really like kissing another member of her sex?—and she dropped hints which were not agreeable to me. In short, to put matters plainly, she signified, without ambiguity and with very little delicacy, that, although I was twenty-seven and her dear Jack was only twenty-five, she would look upon an alliance between us as a most auspicious event. I was very glad when her engagements compelled her to leave us. She was so kind as to say that she could do so with a mind at ease, being convinced that her boy was as safe in my keeping as he could have been in her own.

Possibly I ought to have told her that he was even safer than she imagined by reason of my engagement to Granville Maitland. Mrs. Robertson was of opinion that I ought to have done so, but really that sort of thing is not so very easy to say; besides I, like all heiresses, had had such an experience of match making mothers that I was little disposed to show any consideration for them as a race. My engagement to Granville was not generally known in the county, so that by this time most of our neighbors, including Colonel Wharton, had begun to scent a romance. The time honored materials were ready to their hand—the handsome young man, the rich young woman, the accident and its invariable results. It was reasonable enough that they should smile and look knowing when they called to inquire; and I did not think it worth while to undeceive them.

Yet they were not deceived. People who take a commonplace, everyday view of things seldom are, and I don't know that there is anything very surprising in a disabled young man becoming enamored of a comparatively young woman with whom he is brought into contact all day and every day, even though she be a black browed young woman and two years his senior, and no great beauty. Especially if you throw in the fiddle. What, I own, did rather surprise me was the extreme reluctance that I felt to administer the requisite dose of cold water to my young convalescent. I had never experienced the smallest compunction in previous cases of a similar kind, because, of course, I was old enough to know that of all unhappy mortals a man who has been crossed in love is the first to find consolation; but then in previous cases I had been willing and anxious to get rid of my admirer, whereas I did not at all wish to get rid of Mr. Longfield. However, he soon grew so demonstrative that it was impossible for me any longer to shirk a distasteful task, and one afternoon, when he had almost told me in so many words that he loved me, I rushed at it headlong—perhaps because I could not trust myself to linger upon the thought of how delightful such an avowal might have been to me under other circumstances.

I walked away from the piano, at which he was sitting, replaced my violin in its case and remarked casually: "I am so glad that our musical performances have helped to while away the time for you a little. I suppose I shall have to hang up the fiddle and the bow for good before long, because my future husband unluckily isn't an admirer of music. Did I tell you that I am going to be married in the spring to my cousin, Granville Maitland? I dare say you know that rising politician by name if you haven't met him."

A very long time—quite a minute, I should think—elapsed before he answered me, but when he did so his voice was under control, though he could not keep a slightly reproachful ring out of it. I forget what he said—some nonsense, I believe, about the high character which Granville bore, and his worthiness of the great prize that he had secured. Poor boy! And yet it was ridiculous to pity him. It would have been a great deal more to the purpose, as I could not help feeling after I had left the room, to pity myself, for indeed I may as well admit at once that I loved him.

I can truly say that I had never loved any man before, and I can add with equal truth that I was fully conscious of my folly in loving this youth, who was sure to forget me as soon as he should be out in the world once more. I knew that he was really fond of me for the time being; I did not suspect him of having been attracted by the beaux yeux de ma cassette, but then I also knew that I was twenty-seven, while he was only twenty-five. All the same I had very little sleep that night, and before morning I had resolved that everything should be at an end between me and Granville. My conclusion—and I still think I was right in so concluding—was that I ought not to marry him, loving somebody else. I do not deny that I had hopes with regard to the effect of this decision upon somebody else, but I do say that I should not have acted other wise even if I had had no hopes, and I was well aware that I was about to lay myself open to the taunt of having fallen between two stools. Before breakfast I telegraphed to Granville to come down at once, after which I made some excuse for driving off to the neighboring county town and lunching there. I wished, if possible, to get the impending interview over before I saw Mr. Longfield again.

CHAPTER II.

She knew all about me and about Jack's accident.

Granville came down from London by the afternoon express, as I had felt sure that he would do. In fact, I timed my return so as to meet him just when he came to the house together. The best plan was to get what I had to say over in as few words as might be; so, when I had led him into my sanctum and had given him a cup of tea, I told him point blank that I did not love him well enough to marry him. I explained, perhaps rather foolishly, that circumstances had forced this conviction upon me; whereat he smiled in the slow, exasperating way which I believe is considered to be one of his strong points as a debater.

"This does not surprise me, Diana," was his comment upon my penitent confession.

"I am quite aware, my dear Granville," I returned (for I own that his composure irritated me a little), "that nothing ever does surprise you. I am very glad that you are not surprised, and also that you are not particularly distressed."

"That," he observed, "is merely your assumption; I am not conscious of having said or done anything to warrant it. My solo meaning was that I can appreciate the force of circumstances. I hope you are now in a fair way toward curing the young Mr. Longfield whom you so nearly killed."

After I had informed him that Mr. Longfield was recovering rapidly there was a short pause. Then he resumed:

"You have heard, I presume, that Sir Edward Sutton is dead?"

"I have not," I answered. "It may be very ignorant of me, but until now I had not so much as heard that he had ever been alive. Was he a minister or an ex-minister, or anything of that kind?"

"Oh, no," replied Granville smiling; "he was only the husband of Lady Sutton. I thought you might possibly have heard of him, or at any rate of her, from your interesting patient; but perhaps he has not been well enough to read the newspapers lately. Otherwise he might have been somewhat moved by the news that the lady to whom he was engaged not so long ago is once more free."

I dare say I turned pale. It really did not signify whether I concealed my emotion or betrayed it, for Granville evidently read me like an open book. In answer to my would be indifferent inquiries, he told me all that he knew about Jack Longfield and Lady Sutton. It was a sad story, he said, though of course quite an everyday one. The young people had been neighbors; they had fallen in love with each other, and there had been a sort of engagement which had not been encouraged by their respective families. Then old Sir Edward Sutton had presented himself, and the consequences had been what they are in nine out of ten such cases. The poor girl, Granville said, had hardly been to blame in the matter. What could she do with her father and mother against her, and her lover so hopelessly impecunious?

"Well," I said, "filial obedience will meet with its reward now, I suppose. She has been delivered from her husband, and it only remains for her to live happily upon his money with her lover, who won't be impecunious any longer."

Granville shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so," he answered; "but lovers are not always constant. Probably you know better than I do whether hers is."

That was just what I did not know, but if I had known I should have kept my knowledge to myself. I don't think that in any case I should have been bound to take Granville further into my confidence, and every one will allow that I was not so bound after the unmistakable manner in which he had shown me that the rupture of our engagement was a matter of absolute unconcern to him. I did not love him, and I was relieved to discover that he did not love me; yet I imagine that no woman living would feel such a discovery to be otherwise than unflattering.

Under all the circumstances I was not sorry to hear that his duty to his party and his country would compel him to be in the house of commons that night, nor did I contradict him when he considerately added that his enforced departure would probably spare me some embarrassment. Before he went away he was so kind as to say that I should always retain his friendship and his best wishes. So we parted upon amicable terms, and I gathered that if I was glad to be rid of him, he was at least equally glad to be rid of me. The truth is that we had never had anything in the world in common.

Mr. Longfield, I presume, heard of my fiance's flying visit from Mrs. Robertson. That good soul had become greatly attached to the young man. She had seen us together, and no doubt she was anxious to prevent any possible misconception on his part. I did not tell her that I had thrown Granville over, nor did I think it necessary to impart that information to my guest, who, in the course of the evening, found an opportunity of saying:

"Mr. Maitland was here today, I am told. I am sorry I didn't see him. I should have liked to see him."

"I don't think you would," I answered. "He isn't much to look at, and as a conversationist he cannot be called brilliant. He had no news to give me, except that a certain Sir Edward Sutton is dead. He seemed to think that would interest me; but, as I have never had the pleasure of meeting Sir Edward Sutton, it didn't."

Well, of course I was watching him narrowly while I spoke, and of course I noticed how the color rushed into his pale cheeks. He told me, in a rather unsteady voice, that he had known Lady Sutton all his life, and I believe he went so far as to add that he was sorry to hear of her bereavement. He changed the subject with suspicious haste, but that he had not put it away from his mind was proved by the irrelevant replies which he returned to each successive observation that I laboriously made until it was time for him to go to bed. When I wished him good night he made me a little formal speech in which I was thanked for my great kindness and hospitality, and assured me that he could not remain much longer as a burden upon my hands. He hoped that in a few days he would be strong enough to travel up to London, where he had some business to transact. Did I, he inquired, happen to know whether Sir Edward Sutton had died in London? Because, if so, he would call upon the disconsolate widow.

I was not able to enlighten him upon that point, but the next morning I ascertained, by searching through back copies of The Times, that the late baronet had expired about a fortnight before at his residence in Berkeley square, and I lost no time in acquainting him with the circumstance. Perhaps I half expected that this would lead him to speak more frankly to me, but it did not. He only seemed to be perturbed and excited, and several times during the day he reiterated his desire to get up to London as soon as possible.

Now it was simply impossible for him to incur any such fatigue, and the effect of his mental disturbance was to throw him back and bring on a return of the feverishness from which he had been free for some time past. Dr. Bowles was not at all pleased when he saw his patient.

"Mr. Longfield has been worrying your told me in an accusing tone of voice. "That won't do, you know. If we are to have worry I won't be answerable for the consequences. I don't think you quite realize how little strength the young man has to spare."

I realized, at all events, that it was necessary to relieve him from worry, and that must be my excuse for the course which I determined to adopt. If there was any indelicacy—and I dare say there was—in my seeking out, within a few weeks of her widowhood, a woman who was a total stranger to me and questioning her as to whether she still remained true to her first love, I couldn't help it. It was not delicacy that was likely to restrain me from doing anything in my power to save Jack's life. So I discovered that it was incumbent upon me to hold a consultation with my solicitors, and having instructed Mrs. Robertson to telegraph for me at once if any change for the worse should take place in Mr. Longfield's condition, betook myself to the hotel in Brook street, which I have frequented ever since I came of age.

I am not generally accounted a nervous person, but I cannot deny that I experienced considerable trepidation and discomfort as I rang Lady Sutton's doorbell. It was going to do a very bold and unconventional thing, and the chances were largely in favor of my motives being misconstrued. The butler informed me, with an air of grave surprise, that her ladyship was not receiving visitors at present, but I gave him my card, telling him to say that I had special reason for asking to be admitted, so, after a short interval, during which two sable clad footman had kept an eye upon me lest I should decamp with the umbrellas, I was requested to walk up stairs.

As I entered the drawing room, who should come bounding out and almost knock me over but Granville Maitland, M. P.! He looked slightly confused, but did not explain his presence or ask for an explanation of mine; he only mumbled something, which I suppose was meant for a greeting, and trotted down stairs very quickly. I don't know whether he was as much astonished as I was, but I could not devote more than a second or so to thinking about him, because I had to concentrate all my mental powers upon Lady Sutton and the unauthorized mission which I had undertaken on Jack Longfield's behalf.

She was a very pretty little woman, with golden hair and blue eyes, and I hope it is not ill natured to say that she had evidently taken some pains to render her widow's garb attractive. As she held a pocket handkerchief in her hand, and as her eyelids were rather red, it was to be presumed that she had recently been in tears, though whether these had been shed as a tribute to the memory of her late husband seemed less certain. One comfort was that she knew all about me and about Jack's accident. Mr. Maitland, who had been a most kind friend to her, had given her all the particulars, she said.

"And if you have come for—for the reason that I suppose, Miss Selby," she continued hesitatingly, "you may feel assured that you have nothing to dread from me. Mr. Maitland, I know, has told you my story, and I am sure you must have concluded, what is perfectly true, that I have justly forfeited any claim I may ever have had upon Mr. Longfield."

"I think you have," I answered candidly—for, although I had foreseen the sense in which she was likely to interpret my visit, I was not the less annoyed with the woman for versifying my provision—"but if he doesn't think so that is a matter of small consequence. You and Granville Maitland are mistaken in imagining that I have any wish to supplant you; what I do wish is to see the poor young fellow in good health and spirits again, and I shouldn't have intruded upon you if I hadn't been convinced that you alone have it in your power to cure him. If you can tell me that you still care for him I shall be quite satisfied, and I will go away at once."

Thereupon she began to cry and accused me of placing her in a cruelly false position. Her husband was only just dead—how could I expect her to send a compromising message forthwith to one whose love she had rejected for the sake of more material advantages? She was persuaded that by doing so she would lose what little respect he might have preserved for her.

I replied that in my opinion there was not much danger of her incurring that loss, and that she must trust me to refresh from compromising her. "Besides, I added, "neither you nor I nor he can afford to stand upon ceremony. The doctor says that unless Mr. Longfield's mind is set at ease he won't answer for the consequences; so his mind must be set at ease. Of course a few words from you will do it."

I did not get those few words out of her without some trouble. She tried very hard to make me confess that the interest which I took in Jack Longfield was not of a purely friendly order; she rambled off into a long history about the pressure that had been brought to bear upon her and the many excuses that she had for discussing her first love; but in the end I induced her to say that, since it was a question of life or death, I might give him her best wishes and kindest remembrances. As that seemed to be sufficient I took my leave, and, at the risk of appearing prejudiced, I must remark that she struck me as being a silly and selfish little creature.

On my return home I had the gratification of finding my patient decidedly improved in health, though restless and somewhat excited. He made no secret of his anxiety to be off. Indeed, when Mrs. Robertson had dropped adieu after dinner, as she always does, he looked me whether I should think him rude if he departed on the morrow. He really ought to be in London, he said.

"I shall not think you in the least rude," I replied, "and I quite agree with you that the sooner you go up to London the better. That is if you can obtain leave from Dr. Bowles. By the way, Lady Sutton gave me a message for you. Her kindest remembrances, I think it was."

"I didn't know you were acquainted with Lady Sutton," he said flushing suddenly.

"I

The Keen County Mining

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All communications should be addressed to

E. EMERY & SON
Editors and Proprietors

Smethport, Pa., August 28 1891

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FOR STATE TREASURER,
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Deputy

McKean County Democrat

Smethport, Pa., August 28, 1891.

CLUBBING RATES.

We will send the MINER and any paper or magazine mentioned below for one year, to any address, as follows:

The MINER and Philadelphia Weekly Press $1.50.

The MINER and Albany Weekly Argus $1.50.

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The MINER and National Tribune, for $1.40.

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The MINER and Scribner's Magazine for $4.00.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

NOTICE.

F. P. Stearns is our authorized agent in the city of Bradford to contract for advertising and job work and receive subscriptions for the MINER.

F. W. Mosier, Sr., is the authorized agent of the MINER in Kane borough and the townships of Wetmore, Hamilton and Hamlin. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and contract for advertising and job work.

L. MOSIER AND SON,
Publishers.

A Quandary Summer Protocol.

[As written by a learned scholar of the city, from knowledge learned from theological debates rather than from actual experience.]

I would flee from the city's rule and woe,
From its fashion and form cast loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on the grass,
And the strawberry grows on the goose.

I would flee from the city's rule and woe,
As the ostrich flies for her prey—
The guiltless and unsuspecting rat
In the rattan bush at play.

I will laugh at ease the uniform sow
And the cowlet in their glee,
To many step in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;

Where the unusual partridge frowns on his dream
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the hog browses the dogwood plum,
In the primitive solitude.

I will eat drink from the moss-grown plum
That was born from the pumpkin tree,
And milk from a rural stump,
From horse and fashion free.

I will gather acorn from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milk weed sweet,
And pineapple from the pine—
And feed on the gods might eat.

I will down to the whitewashed dairy fit here,
Where the fairy-maid bestrewing hies,
Her frothy and golden-haired butter to churn
From the milk of her buttercline;

And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farm-yard pens,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grunting-pigs out to grass.

—E. W. Foss, in The Sun.

—Next week

—"His Second campaign."

Summer is now on the wane.

Vacation days draw to a close.

Argument court convenes next Tuesday.

Are you registered? No register, no vote. See?

The leading furniture dealers are Specht & Sones.

Our merchants are looking forward to a very lively fall trade.

Smethport was well represented at the Bradford races this week.

We ought to make it a point to encourage all home institutions.

It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.

Vendanda's Minstrels are booked for the opera house for September 11.

There are some young men in this vicinity that would have more money, if they would work.

Thursday next is the last day on which to register to entitle you to vote at the coming election.

A drumso's parade and tournament will be held at Olean on Thursday and Friday of next week.

The Maccabees' picnic will be one of the most enjoyable events of the season. Everybody should attend.

The young people of the M. E. Sunday school picnicked in White's grove on Wednesday, and report having had a very pleasant time.

Persons intending to avail themselves of the excursion to the Thousand Islands should take the regular train leaving here at 6:10 this morning. Fare for trip $6.

You may scald the sweet girls until you are dumb, but you never can coax them to quit chewing gum. This is not meant for poetry, its a fact.

The worms which threatened the destruction of the hemlock forests of Potter county have, it is said, disappeared as suddenly as they came, but fears are entertained of their reappearance next year.

We are indebted to Secretary Willis Crowe for a complimentary to the Warren County Fair, to be held Sept. 8th to 11th and 11th of this year. Prior engagements will not permit our acceptance of the kind invitation.

Dr. W. F. Sundick met with a mishap while rehearsing with the Old Homestead company. By a misstep he fell through the stage trap and dislocated his shoulder and is confined to his bed for the present.—*Du Bois Courier.*

We have secured the exclusive right for the publication of a great serial story by Maurice Thompson, entitled "His Second Campaign," announcement of which appears in another column. Don't fail to read it. The opening chapters will appear next week.

The "week off" is becoming one of the national institutions. To the steady working a week off is entirely too short a period for recreation. To the lazy and shiftless, who do not know the meaning of honest work, a week off is seven days too long. There is nothing so sweet as well earned rest.

These are the days, says an exchange, "when the sudden recreation and relish in fun and frolic, all except the music of the pull and scissors. He longeth to be there, the pleasures to share, and behold the fair of the land—but where board is to pay for just a short stay, his purse won't stand the demand."

All veterans of the Bucktail regiment or any others who intend to visit Mauch Chunk at the time of the re-union of the old regiment will be able to procure tickets at reduced rates from stations on N. Y. Wright of this place. Orders for tickets over the Philadelphia and Erie, the N. Y. L. E. and Western, the Lehigh Valley and Reading railroads, can be secured from him. The re-union is held on the 16th, 17th and 18th days of September. It promises to be an unusually interesting occasion.

—The heavy rains of last Saturday night and Sunday morning caused a jam in Marvin creek above Marvin street. The logs were piled up to a height of six or eight feet, which, when released, came rushing down the stream with great speed, carrying away the temporary bridge at Marvin street and somewhat damaging the stone abutments for the new bridge.

—One of millionaire John R. Rockefeller's daughters, while at Vassar, instead of spending her allowance entirely on herself, saved enough to pay the tuition and expenses of another young woman, from the country, who could not afford such advantages. That's the kind of girls that great wealth does not spoil because their brains and graces outshine all material wealth.

—The school vacation is nearly over. The children who have been away are returning from their visits and giving up their haunts, and they are doing so unwillingly. But the work of education must go on. The summer vacation was only intended to impart fresh vigor to the boys and girls, and to better fit them for the fatigues and trials of the nine months' schooling upon which they will enter September 7th.

—The Warren *Mail* closed its 43d year of usefulness last week and entered the 44th dressed up in a new suit and petting on a good many airs which it has a perfect right to do. There is no paper in this section of the country which has a better right to feel proud of its long and honorable career than the *Mail* and there is no paper more welcome to our sanctum. We have nothing but good wishes for its future prosperity.

—"The accident, madam," said the young surgeon, encouragingly, as he made his preparations to sew up the wound in the lip the infant had received by falling down a stairway, "will leave a scar, of course, but twenty years from now, when the little fellow has grown to be a man and raised a mustache, it won't show a bit." "It isn't a baby of that kind doctor," replied the anxious but entirely self-possessed mother.

—A simple and excellent plan to preserve and strengthen the eyes is this. Every morning pour some cold water into your washing bowl. At the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object, then put your face in the water with your eyes open and fixed on the object at the bottom; move your head from side to side gently, and you will find that this morning bath will make your eyes brighter and stronger and preserve them beyond the ordinarily allotted time.—*Ex.*

For some time past considerable annoyance has been occasioned by a gang of midnight prowlers, who have made night hideous by their howling. Especially is this the case as to the residents of Mechanic street. The premises of one gentleman on that street, who keeps a large number of fowls, were invaded one morning last week, between two and three o'clock, and his poultry driven into the creek. The parties are known, and if the disturbance is not discontinued at once they will be brought up with a short turn. "A word to the wise," etc.

—The veterans of the old First Pennsylvania Cavalry will hold their 5th annual reunion in Emporium on Wednesday and Thursday, September 9th and 10th. Gens. Gregg, Hastings and Taylor have accepted invitations to be present on that occasion, and Comrade L. Tegrart, of the committee on invitations, writes us that they confidently expect Gov. Pattison, ex-Gov. Beaver and Hon. C. W. Stone. It will certainly prove to be a very interesting occasion and there ought to be a good attendance from McKean county. The First Pennsylvania Cavalry was one of the best regiments in the service. Co. D being raised largely from the young men of Cameron county. An excursion train will run from Smethport to Emporium and return that day, railroad rates being low.

—Cyrus Baldwin, a former resident of Otto Township and a veteran of the old 36th regiment, died at the residence of his brother, in Duke Centre, on Wednesday of last week, aged 60 years. The cause of his death was blood poisoning. He had been ill for about six months and some six weeks ago came back from Kansas, where he had resided for the past nine years. Deceased lost a leg at the battle of Cold Harbor. The funeral was held at the Methodist church in Duke Centre, on Friday afternoon last, and was largely attended. The remains were buried in the old burying ground near Elkford, and the services at the grave were conducted by the G. A. R., of which he was a comrade. There was no more popular man in the 36th regiment than he, and no man ever grew up to manhood in the Knapp's Creek valley who had more friends than Cyrus Baldwin. "Peace to his ashes."

—The Silk Sash and Bow Brigade, an organization gotten up by the young men of town for this special occasion, gave a very recherche party at the opera house, on Tuesday evening, the members of the club wearing white silk sashes and a bow of white silk ribbon at the button-hole, instead of flowers. About 40 couple comprising the best people of the town, were present and tripped the light fantastic to the enchanting music of Jamison's Bradford Orchestra until the "we sma' hours." The program, which comprised twenty-four numbers was one of the best arranged programs ever presented to a party in this place. The committees and floor managers may well feel proud of the success attending their efforts, and the young people who are soon to leave for distant schools and colleges, in whose honor the party was given, will undoubtedly long remember the enjoyable time had on that occasion; indeed so great was the success that it is proposed to give another party about the 12th of September, as a parting reception to those who leave later in the month.

Attention Buckwheats!

All of you who were with the old Buck talk know that Frank Bell could fight. Many of you have heard him speak and recite. Read what he has to say in defense of his old comrades in the September number of *The Century* and you will see that he can write also and use his pen as well as his sabre in defense of his old comrades and their loyal friends, who have stood by them and endeavored to provide by law for their care and comfort, now that they are becoming old and disabled.

The Mythological Fates.

"Three sisters upon the mountain stand,
And all of fate their wishes pour,
There sat three sisters, everywhere
Wanting a million thread."

Lovers of classic paintings are familiar with that famous group, called the "Three Fates." Fate seems cruel when it deprives women and girls of health. But in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they find a cure of untold value for every prostration, sick headache, bearing-down pains, bloating, weak stomach, nervousness, nervousness, and all those exasperations, complaints that make their lives miserable. All who use it praise it. It contains no harmful ingredients and is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or the price ($1.00) will be refunded. By druggists, 25 cents a vial.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would personally or by postal card notify us of the fact.

James Hyde was over from Kane this week.

H. F. Bean, of Eldred, Sundayed in Smethport.

J. M. Duffy, Jr., was up from Eldred last Sunday.

J. C. Moran was over from Bradford Wednesday.

Miss Grace Badger is visiting friends in Johnsonburg.

Mark Hardie came down from Mt. Alton Tuesday.

E. B. Weaver, of Bradford, was in town last Monday.

George E. Brownell took in the Bradford races yesterday.

E. E. Tait, of Bradford, had business in Smethport Tuesday.

Mrs. M. B. Greer and daughter are visiting friends in Franklin.

H. A. Hall, of St. Marys, Elk county, was in town Wednesday.

Carlton E. Sprague will take in the Thousand Island excursion.

Miss Jennie Walcott, of Eldred, was a visitor in Smethport Sunday.

Hon. W. W. Brown, of Bradford, had business in town Wednesday.

J. W. Baker, of Olean, was a caller at the MINER office Wednesday.

W. B. Messersmas and children, of Portville, were in town Wednesday.

Thomas Fraley and Edward Dickinson, of Mt. Alton, were in town this week.

Alfred Mela, of New York city, is visiting his friend Otto Hamlin, of this place.

Miss Lottie McNalley, of New York, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. H. Purtle, of Water street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt, visited Niagara Falls and Buffalo Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Nels Perkins, of Kane, made Smethport a flying visit Saturday, but found time to call at the MINER office.

F. N. Taylor, of the popular Grand Central, Smethport, was in town Monday.—*Port Allegany Reporter.*

Mr. Bert Lyman, wife and child, of Buffalo, are visiting in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Dunn, of Mechanic street.

Mrs. W. T. Callar, Mrs. Burg Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Greer, were among the county seat callers in the city to-day.—*Bradford Star.*

Mrs. F. C. Pierce went to Olean last Monday to meet her sister, Miss Ada Densmore, of Ackley, Pa., who is now visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Grubb, of Chicago, who have been visiting Sheriff and Mrs. Walter Grubb, at Smethport, left to-day for an outing at Lakewood.—*Bradford Star.*

Miss Kate Callihs of East Smethport has been engaged as teacher of the New City school for the coming term. The school, which commences next week, is to be congratulated.

Miss Edna Keenan entertained a number of her young friends at her parents' residence on Main street, Saturday evening, and sustained the roll of hostess in a very graceful and becoming manner.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young entertained a select party of friends at their hospitable mansion, on Main street, Monday evening. The reception was in honor of their guest, Miss Newman, of Buffalo.

John Mullin, of this place will have charge of the Mt. Alton school the coming term, which commenced next week. Mr. Mullin has many friends here who will wish him success in his new field of labor.

Off The Kinzua Bridge.

A man jumped off the Kinzua bridge on Saturday. He jumped from the highest point to the ground below.

The man was Charles Stauffer, the inspector of the bridge. The cause for the jump was to test a fire escape invented by a Bradford railroad engineer, E. H. Edmonds.

Edmonds is the engineer who runs the locomotive No. 44 on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg on the south end of the road. He has several successful inventions, but none more so than his fire escape promises to be. It consists of two air cylinders, in which work pistons geared to a reel, around which is a rope. The escaper from fire places the rope, goes out the window and the reel unwinds. In unwinding the pistons in the air cylinders are made to move against the air in the cylinders, which is allowed to vent through a small opening, thus affording a resistance against a rapid descent.

The inventor has experimented with the appliance, jumping from buildings in Bradford, and on Saturday he took it to the bridge. First a brake beam was attached to the rope and allowed to descend. Then Mr. Stauffer went down successfully.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg people contemplate an excursion to the bridge before long to witness a public jump from the great structure by the aid of Engineer Edmonds's invention. The date is not yet made known.—*Era.*

Eating Before Sleeping.

Eating before sleeping, now so generally recommended by physicians to those troubled by insomnia resulting from nervous trouble, is not a very difficult prescription to fill but determination of this question just what to eat is not infrequently puzzling. One who has experimented for years names a glass of warm milk as a good nightcap for many while for people who have a tendency to biliousness it will not do at all. To the latter buttermilk not too cold, is said to be the best of nightcaps. Warm milk with ricky is also recommended. Oranges, and to a certain extent, hot and very sour lemonade are good for all. On this point the Journal of the American Medical Association says: "Most stodents and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should therefore eat before going to bed, having put aside work entirely at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat, what ever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first, or mashed potatoes, buttered."

St. Luke's Church.

Services on Sunday next at 8 and 10:30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Offering for Diocesan Missions.

Services on Sunday evenings at 7:30 from first Sunday in September.

A Conspicuous Contagion

is occasioned in our feelings by derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and costiveness. They remove all waste matter, and restore health to body and mind. In short, as a laxative, combined and one tiny sugar coated Pellet. Cheapest and easiest to take. By druggists, 25 cents a vial.

THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

KANE.

Shall we have another glass plant?

Wednesday was our gala day in Kane.

The Hamlin show has gone to Bradford.

The colored fracas was too much for our chief.

A. J. Agnew has moved into Swanson Brothers' new house.

Mrs. A. Pearson, of Ludlow, is doing some work in the Kane shops.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Conklin died last week of cholera infantum.

H. H. Carrier and wife spent several days in Harrisburg the first of last week.

If H. Chase has entered his horses, Kenny C and Jim, in the Bradford races, this week.

The meeting of mourning men last week filled a large and long felt want in our family.

Mrs. Nellie Hansen, of Lewis, Minn., a sister of D. F. Gaffin, arrived in Kane on Tuesday.

Miss Ida Kreed, daughter Harriet, and son Roscoe, went to New York on Monday evening.

Ted Mensmore, L. E. and J. K. McCord, of Olean, are registered at the St. Elmo Hotel this week.

A man named J. V. Brown had his hand badly cut at Maxwell's planing mill, last Friday, by a circular saw.

Miss Lillie Landregan, of Ridgway, stopped off in Kane several days on her way to Erie, who is now with her parents.

Frank Dietz has purchased the interest and good will of George Walker in the Centennial Hotel bar about half the value it cost.

Gen. Wilber and Henry Farber went to Williamsport to attend the funeral of Gen. Neschafer, who died Monday morning of Bright's disease.

The processionals on West Haines street with the Ouna beauty who wears the red hat caused a young man to hurry away Chase and tip Saturday night.

Thomas Galvin, of Dayton, Ohio, attended the funeral of his brother, J. F. Galvin, last week, which was one of the largest funerals ever held in Kane.

Many of the Kane People have invested in property in Bradford this week and during that the ox roast at Foster Brook, but could not be persuaded to attend the races.

Chas. Wilcox, manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at the Thompson House, and Miss Clara Evans, of Kane, were married on Wednesday, the ceremony of the Episcopal church, Rev. Chas. A. Jones officiating.

The Kane base ball club defeated the Ouna club, last saturday, by score of 8 to 5, at Kane, which leaves Kane still play the return game with the Warren club at Warren, on saturday and will add another victory to her record.

Kelley & Swanson have purchased the livery business of W. K. Leake of Clark's Mills, and both of Kane. They will receive a car load of horses in Kane. They will receive a car load of horses in Kane. They will receive a car load of horses in

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